

The Lost Jedi

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Summary: Half a year after Starkiller Base was obliterated at the hands of the Resistance, Kylo Ren proudly suffers under the brutal tutelage of Supreme Leader Snoke. The war within his heart seems all but won, until a newly acquired slave sends him down a path he never intended to tread...

The Lost Jedi

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**><p>THE LOST JEDI

****Starkiller Base has been destroyed by the RESISTANCE. Supreme Leader Snoke commands the earnest General Hux to retrieve Kylo Ren to complete his training. Under Snoke's strict teachings, his young apprentice will continue to grow more powerful in the ways of the dark side.****

****Unbeknownst to both the forces of good and evil, a remnant from the past will become embroiled in the war for Galactic Peace, tipping the balance in ways unforeseen and unexpected.****

****The FIRST ORDER retreats into the shadows, where they may prove to be more dangerous than ever before. The Knights of Ren begin their hunt for the traitorous resistance fighters, and Kylo Ren, as their master, leads the deadly crusadeâ€|****

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**><p>Chapter 1 - The Awakening

The first breath was the hardest.

The second came a little easier.

The third was barely a breath at all, filled with searing agony and the sickening taste of bile as undigested stomach contents were spilled onto the dust-coated floor.

How long?

Disorientation from stasis was to be expected, but this was beyond mere confusion of the senses. A significant amount of time had been displaced and the Force did not flow as it should. Something was not right.

How long?

Leaning against a rough, stone wall. Taking in long, slow breaths. Taking equally slow steps with one focal question repeated over and over. There was a console nearby, if it still functioned. The smell of lost and forgotten intentions permeated the stale air. It did not smell as it should have.

How long?

The dusty screen was gradually beginning to brighten, reluctant to pull power from the depleted cells buried somewhere deep in the soil. But the computer eventually presented its desire to be used. Its obedience was sluggish but compliant.

How long?

The computer beeped in response, presenting a layer of separated boxes and charts of data, displaying the information that simply could not be. The stasis pod had functioned for fifty-three years, far beyond the expected allotment. What triggered the awakening could not be discerned, as a specific time had not been established.

Too long.

And yetâ€¦ not long enough to explain the accelerated aging of the surroundings, as if none had stepped foot inside for a millennia.

It all felt terribly wrong.

There must have been others. Heâ€¦ he could not have destroyed them all. He may have been one of the most powerful of their Order, but he was only one human. He was not _all_-powerful.

Or perhaps he was. The information was as undeniable as it was acceptable. The computer was pulling data from all available sources in the nearby system, and it all confirmed the same horrifying truth.

Stealth was no longer an option as the console informed the user of the enclosing ships whose markers were unfamiliar in design and affiliation.

It did not matter. The other pods remained open and empty. Hollow and devoid of what hope could have been. None of the others had come.

They had defended their Order to the last.

I am alone.

* * *

><p>186 Standard Days Later

"You brought me down to this swamp-rot, festering, cesspool of a planet for _slaves, _Hux?"

"I was informed they were unique specimens, _Ren_. Exquisite servants not found anywhere else in the galaxy. Even you should feel something stir at the sight of them."

"Now is a rather poor time to develop a sense of humor," growled a deep, distorted voice as the words were filtered through the modified unit of Kylo Ren's improved mask.

"I would never presume to possess a sense of humor," came the curdled response from General Hux, hands behind his back as he strolled along the walkway next to the darkly-hooded apprentice. The heavy, humid air of the swamp planet was enough to make Kylo swelter under his hood " he hadn't the faintest idea how the pale, red-headed man bore the heat without even a blush of discomfort. It made him want to crash his knuckles into the side of the man's jutting jaw.

"Yet you presume to waste my time with this slave nonsense? Why is that?"

Because you desperately need a hobby that does not involve communing with the desiccated mask of a dead man.

Hux would never speak such words to his Supreme Leader's pupil, but the traitorous words were no doubt formed in his mind. He just knew better than to think them aloud in Kylo's presence, possibly because he enjoyed having an intact larynx.

"As I said, these servants are of singular quality " owned and trained by the Hutt Slauuk. I would not dare to distract from your other duties if I did not believe this journey was worth the effort."

Kylo Ren slightly tilted his head to glare at the General, though his masked visage prevented Hux from seeing the expression. Regardless, he would know it was there. Kylo was often suspicious that the General was taunting him in some way, and this was one of those moments.

It irritated Kylo to no end until he remembered the General could do little more than mock from the shadows. Supreme Leader Snoke's displeasure at Starkiller Base's destruction had been noticeable, but surprisingly lenient considering it was the First Order's primary weapon. General Hux had been instructed to remain close at Kylo's side, and it seemed out of the two of them, the apprentice was the one being punished.

Becoming Supreme Leader Snoke's favored pupil would indicate that he had actually been rewarded for the base's destruction. Kylo had quickly learned that was not the truth, and he had only recently

healed from Snoke's latest round of... thorough discipline. But he bore the marks proudly, as they proved his growing strength was due to effort " not charity, pity, or the burden of familial bonds.

Or from being a career sycophant.

I will suffocate you like an infant in your sleep, Kylo mused silently as he stared at the insipid General, his pale skin untroubled by bruises and unmarred by lashes. _Snuff you out like the weak, suckling thing you are._

"Show me these prized slaves and let us be done with it," he snapped impatiently, shifting uncomfortably under his thick, black robes.

"Very good, sir," Hux replied, each word of subservience hinting a concealed insult.

The dark pair walked alone from the private spaceport, as this particular Hutt grew nervous around large numbers of armed Stormtroopers. Kylo doubted the gluttonous, oversized worm was stupid enough to cheat the First Order, but to avoid the vile sight of his gelatinous bulk fidgeting in distress, the apprentice had elected to leave the troopers behind.

As if he needed them in the slightest.

The palace built to please the ego of the enormous Hutt was grandiose " a trait shared by all Hutts. Unfortunately, they were also gaudy and distasteful, and Kylo found them an enormous eyesore meant to cover greater deficiencies such as cowardice and a lack of personal hygiene.

The four guards at the entrance to the palace were so burdened with armor that Kylo was unable to guess their species. He gave a small snort at the ridiculous body-pieces, all heavy horns and awkward spikes, having obviously been chosen for their aesthetics rather than their practicality. Kylo could appreciate an intimidating piece of armor, but not at the cost of maneuverability in battle.

Two of the lumbering guards led the way down the expansive red carpet, leading around the massive golden statue of a Hutt (presumably Slauuk, though one Hutt looked much the same as the next). Pale chiseled stone walls expanded upwards to meet at the top, as if the entryway was an oversized egg.

The Hutts had the oddest taste in architecture, but their deftness at manipulating the currents of power in the black market could not be denied. This advantage provided the Order with rare commodities, which apparently included slaves " something Kylo had little interest in.

How Hux had formed the inexplicable idea that he would desire a slave, Kylo hadn't the slightest idea. He didn't think the General was that bored in his duties that he would lead the apprentice on this asinine errand onto a planet that smelled like the backside of a ronto.

Kylo's patience was well on its way to being threadbare, and his fists remained clenched when they entered the main chamber of the

palace " Slauuk's throne room. The chamber was expansive and exquisite, columns of gilded gold and white stone stretching high to the domed ceiling overhead.

Statues of dense, sparkling marble were carved into feminine forms of a variety of species. This Hutt was apparently too tasteful for mere holograms of gyrating Twi'leks.

The owner of said throne room had laid his enormous girth on a piece of lounge furniture that could have doubled as a starfighter if engines were placed upon it. Barely clothed female slaves of various colors and shapes draped themselves over his bulging flesh, and Kylo's mask revealed none of the revulsion displayed beneath.

"The illustrious, magnificent, exalted Master of the Knights of Ren! It warms my heart to look upon your splendor within my unworthy halls," greeted the giant slug, his orange hide shivering as he groveled in feigned supplication. He spoke in Basic " despite Huttese being the most common language in the sector " as a sign of respect and deference to his guests. The First Order was not known for its tolerance and integration of alien cultures, as their refusal to communicate in Huttese demonstrated. "I would stand to greet you most affectionately, if only I could."

"Please, don't," Kylo responded immediately, his tone indicating his absolute non-desire to witness the Hutt relocate his enormous girth in an attempt to move.

"We would not wish to inconvenience you, Lord Slauuk," Hux added graciously, smoothing over the apprentice's rude behavior which earned the General a cold glare from behind the mask.

"General Hux, a pleasure as always! It is no inconvenience to treat my guests with the courtesy they deserve!" The heft of the Hutt's mass jiggled with his desire to appease them, and Kylo deeply regretted having eaten before leaving the _Finalizer_.

"Your generosity is both noted and appreciated. Those who serve us faithfully will be served in turn. The First Order rewards loyalty with endless bounties, while our enemies will be torn asunder from our displeasure."

The apprentice wondered which one would cause him to vomit first " the Hutt's wobbly mass or Hux's attempts at verbosity.

"Delightful!" The Hutt nearly unseated the female slaves with his precarious mound of flesh. "Would my most esteemed guests be joining me for my second evening meal? Perhaps whet your appetite before I bring the truly delectable morsels forward?" The Hutt drew his fat, grey tongue across his non-existent lips in a manner than indicated he was speaking of a different kind of consumption.

Kylo kept his body perfectly still, but he still felt a shiver crawl up his spine. There were not many things that could truly unsettle the apprentice, but a lecherous Hutt was firmly near the top of that list.

"No. I will have my pick of your prime slaves, and we will depart."

"What he means, my Lord, is--"

"Am I accompanied by a General or an interpreter?" the apprentice snapped in hot irritation, the mask filtering his low voice with extra bite. "Do not attempt to skew my words â€" Lord Slauuk can hear them clearly enough."

General Hux shifted uncomfortably, causing an unseen smirk to form on Kylo's face.

The orange slug, however, seemed unperturbed by this affront. If anything, he appeared more eager, or perhaps that was merely the impression given by his increasingly quivering mass.

"You are absolutely right, darkest-of-Apprentices! A man of your ilk does not waste time with frivolities such as food."

Kylo snorted at the idea of the Hutt doing anything less than worshiping meals with near-religious fervor.

The Hutt turned his voluminous head and lifted a small, golden bell from one of the many pillows near his head. Kylo Ren narrowed his eyes at the melodramatic gesture as the slug used the bell to call forth the merchandise.

"Feast your eyes, gentlemen, on the wonders and beauty of the many iterations of the female form."

As the slaves gracefully filed into the room, presented for his choosing, the apprentice could not deny that the Hutt had a refined taste in women â€" if in nothing else.

Kylo Ren began to circle the female slaves as they came to a halt in the middle of the room, spacing themselves evenly in a perfectly straight line. There were five of them, and he immediately recognized all of their species aside from one.

"They look healthy, Slauuk. You've kept them well-fed."

I'm surprised you didn't take what scraps they are given and feed it into your fat mouth, you gluttonous heap of garbage.

Kylo sneered in an expression only he knew existed. Oh, to see the look on the slug's face if he could only say the words. But he had to play nice for now. The Hutts were not an insignificant ally, and inciting their animosity would make things more difficult for the Order in the Outer Rim.

"I must confess: this particular batch of females doesn't seem as scrawny as the last," Slauuk remarked, laughing heartily, causing Kylo to look away from the mountain of rolls as they threatened a landslide of flesh. "And yet, I find no evidence of thievery from the kitchens. They must be made of hearty stuff, these _cheeka_!"

Kylo continued to circle the slaves, and he grudgingly admitted (silently, of course) that Hux's idea to own a personal slave was not without merit. It would be entertaining for a time, at least.

And yetâ€| the idea of owning a slave sent a tingle of discomfort down his neck. He didn't particularly _like_ the idea of slavery. But

if he did not take one of the slaves, she would simply be sold to another buyer. There wasn't much he could do, and in reality, it shouldn't bother him at all. So why did it?

If Hux hadn't brought me here, I would not be having these compunctions to begin with.

At the thought of the General, the apprentice turned his head to glance in his direction. Hux remained curiously silent, and as much as Kylo wanted to ignore the man and focus on leaving as soon as possible, he paid attention. Hux's body language, though still relaxed, held a readiness in his muscles indicated by the tightness of his jaw. His eyes remained pleasant and friendly, but they noted the various exits of the vast room.

Kylo gave a wide smile to no one but the inside of his mask. Things were finally going to get interesting.

"Tell me â€" what species is this one, Lord Slauuk?" inquired the apprentice with sudden respect as he pushed aside his unease over the slaves, staring down at the curious female he did not recognize.

Kylo identified the species of the two Twi'leks who flanked her side (one alluringly blue and the other a vibrant red), and the slaves on the far outer edges were rarer but still familiar. One was an amphibious Nautolan, recognizable by her pale head tentacles and round, onyx eyes. The other was a Togruta, her white and blue variegated horns outlining her stark white and red face.

But the species of the middle slave was unknown to Kylo. She was neither smooth-skinned, nor sleek and aquiline like the others with their various head tendrils, horns, and oiled skin.

Instead, her head was covered with a golden mane, slicked back by some product as it perched atop her shoulders. Pointed ears perked out from beneath her hair, and her face was leonine in shape and structure â€" her nose more flat than sloped. An unbidden curiosity came to his mind as Kylo wondered if she had the teeth to match her feral features.

The most startling feature was a thin layer of pale golden-brown fur covering every inch of her skin. Her lack of adequate clothing revealed large, irregular circles that patterned down the sides of her ribs and abdomen. Additional spots were marked along the sides of her arms and legs.

"You have an eye for scarce beauty, Master Kylo. That rare jewel is of the Cathar species. It is exceeding good luck to spot one, as they are very reclusive peoples," replied Slauuk, his greedy expression fixated on the slave. "Rarer still, this specimen is one of the many sub-species, most of which are unknown and uncategorized. Unlike most Cathar, this one has a long, luscious tail."

A tail? Kylo leaned forward and glanced over her shoulder down her back to observe that she did indeed have a tail, though he wouldn't have described it as luscious. It was lengthy but appeared pliant, as if used for a more practical application such as balance rather than as a display to attract suitors.

Still, it did hold a certain allure " the fur on the tail was thicker, and of a solid golden color, absent of the circular patterns on her body.

Without thinking, Kylo reached around her curved form and gripped her tail near the base, slowly running its length through his fingers. He could not feel the texture through his gloves, of course, but he did enjoy the sight of the fur rubbing against the rough material. The unease in his mind gave a twinge, but he elected to ignore it.

If he had expected a reaction from his invasiveness, Kylo would have been disappointed. Her expression was placid and empty, matching the non-expressions on the other slaves' faces. The Hutt had trained his thralls to undergo inspection better than most of Hux's incompetent troopers.

"However did you catch this one?" Kylo asked evenly, releasing her tail in order to next run his gloved fingers through her thick hair at the base of her neck. It looked as soft as her fur, and he suddenly wished he could run the locks without the barriers of his gloves.

"Easily enough. Not much of a fight in that one. The fascinating thing is where I acquired her."

"Oh?" Kylo inquired, equal parts curious and irritated with the Hutt's poor attempts at being cryptic.

Slauuk leaned forward, his bulk shifting alarmingly.

"An old Jedi temple."

Kylo paused with his fingers half-curved in the Cathar's hair, his mask shifting upwards to stare at the colossal slug.

"I thought that would garner your attention," the Hutt remarked, his elongated mouth slipping into a grotesque, lipless grin.

"Scavenger?" His filtered voice squeezed out the distasteful words, the grip on the slave's hair tightening as Kylo's thoughts strayed into dangerous territory. If he was causing pain to the Cathar, she hid it well, remaining silent and impassive.

The slug retracted his grin and gave an enormous shrug. "If so, she is poor at her trade. She had naught in the way of possessions, and we never found her ship."

"A lost tourist, then," Kylo responded dully, releasing his grip on her hair in order to place a gloved finger under her chin, forcing her head upwards to stare into his sleek, sharp mask. She did not flinch, or even blink, and disappointment stirred somewhere inside him.

The Hutt guffawed as if the apprentice had told the most comical jest he had ever heard. Kylo ignored both him and the alarmed noises coming from his slaves as Slauuk once again displaced them from his enormous bulk, and he focused on the Cathar.

The eyes were remarkable. Irises of a crystallized blue, and large

enough to exclude the whites of her eyes. The pupils were narrowed into vertical slits, her expression oddly dulled and vacant, like a living droid.

It was a pity, the lack of fire in her eyes. Though Kylo supposed that was the point of a slave â€" total and complete obedience.

Despite the passivity, she was soâ€¦| _animal_. Her savage features fascinated him, and it was a true shame such a lovely beast had been domesticated so thoroughly.

"You've broken this one, Slauuk. I've seen this expression many times, though it's one usually reserved for broken prisoners. Or... corpses."

The great, fat worm gave an uneasy smile, spreading his hands in an expression of supplication. At least, that's what Kylo assumed he was doing with his stunted arms.

"You must be mistaken, Apprentice-of-the-Blackest-Night. My slaves are trained to fulfill your every desire, not-"

"_I _am mistaken?" Kylo asked pleasantly, adjusting the angle of his helmet to look up at the gargantuan slug.

"I-I misspoke, Esteemed-Pupil-of-the-Supreme. I would never-"

"Do you mean to cheat the First Order with damaged goods, Slauuk?"

The worm was positively quivering now, and his slaves kept their distance, smartly avoiding his overflowing folds.

"Never! I would not dare to-"

"General Hux, what befalls those who attempt to swindle the First Order?"

"Summary execution, as well as immediate confiscation of all of the criminal's properties and holdings."

"_She was like that when my men found her_" Slauuk shrieked in desperation. He was breathing harshly, an alarming wheezing noise coming from somewhere inside of his girth as he shuddered. "I told you, she didn't put up a fight! You can hardly blame me if-"

"Watch your tone, _worm_," commanded Hux in a warning tone, and Kylo extended his arm to silence the General.

"Lord Slauuk, you are a businessâ€¦| man, are you not?" Kylo asked, tone calm and inquisitive. He noted Hux watching him out of the corner of his eye, the General very aware that Kylo was at his most dangerous when he sounded so placid.

"Y-yes, I am that. First and foremost, I am an entrepreneur, and I would never-"

"Good. Then you will give this slave to me at fair market value."

The Hutt was already nodding in eager agreement, possibly overwhelmed with gratitude at the fact that his head was still attached to his neckless body.

"Yes, yes, absolutely. You are most perceptive and judicious and-"

"I will pay nothing. Instead, you will pay the price you were going to foolishly demand from me in recompense for this attempt at deception." Kylo's unseen smile faded, a furious grimace replacing it as he felt the sheer power of his anger flow through his tensed limbs.

"It is only fair," the Hutt responded, a greasy smile appearing on his face to further confirm to Kylo the inevitable treachery that Hux's tensed posture had indicated. If the Hutt had truly been interested in the bargaining, he would have negotiated with every inch of his worthless hide. Instead, he was willing to part with a veritable treasure in order to appease the apprentice.

Slauuk may have been fearful of the First Order, but his pride would demand he negotiate for the better part of the deal. No Hutt would accept a sour trade, even with a blade held over his head. And Slauuk had not accumulated his vast riches by being a coward.

No, the Hutt was playing for something greater. But what was he hoping to gain?

"Shall I forward the credits to your account, or will you be taking your payment now?" the Hutt inquired, his massive green eyes focused on the dark apprentice as the end of his tail gave an almost imperceptible twitch.

"I think we both know the answer to that." Kylo flexed his fingers and felt the pleasurable, invisible power as it hovered around his hand, begging to be released.

He may have imagined it, but Kylo thought he saw the Cathar's head slightly move in his direction.

"Very well. Please see to it that these representatives of the First Order are properly compensated for their trouble." The orange slug's hungry eyes never left theirs while he lifted his tiny bell and shook it delicately â€" its golden ring reverberating against the gilded walls.

Complete pandemonium descended on the scene before the echoes of the bell had faded, and Kylo reveled in it.

* * *

><p>Author's Note: Thank you so much for reading! I would like to make clear a few points.

**Firstly, this is not a Kylo/OC pairing. I personally love OCs, and have no qualms with pairing them with canon characters, but I plan to go in a different direction with this story.
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****Secondly, I'm not sure if the Cathar are considered canon anymore, so I hope no one minds that I created my own subspecies (the more the merrier I say!).****

****Thirdly, before I publish, I normally have the story completely written. That is not the case here. I'm testing the waters to see if there is any interest in this story, and also, because I need a little motivation to get started. I have a very lengthy adventure planned out, and it's a bit daunting to plunge in. So thank you ahead of time for your support and patience with my slow updates.**

>

****May the Force be with you!****

End
file.